

And constant throtings, say she did,
Or didn't, keeping still the secret hid.
If I were to dare's suspicious given,
And by compulsions were to answer given,
I'd say reluctantly, that Katy swain,
While she was doing 'neath her leafy
screen,

Made bold by darkness stole up and
Kissed her!

When quick arose the cry from envious
Sister

Which ever since has kept contentment
Rife

And all of Katy's sisters, maid or wife
Continue to declare that Katy did,
~~They don't know what she's after, what for~~
~~They don't know what she's after, what for~~
" She was ^{bold} ~~bold~~ God forbid

That they should, a scandal dare
intimate,

But Katy did! yes, this dear sister Kate

KY. LIB.
SC 91

A Seasonable Sonnet to

Katy did! Katy didn't! Katy did!
Sounds with persistent stonators' mid,

The leafy coverts of an ancient beech
That at my window stands in easy reach

Katy didn't! Katy did! Katy did!
From disputations holds safety hid,

Lulls my tired senses to a dreamless
Sleep,

Wandering meantime, what the secret day
Maybe, which Katy's friends desire to

Keep.
Why is it that some ~~See~~ in various ways
Some deliver into unsolved mysteries,

Has not caught out 'mong curiosa
insect ~~ways~~ lone,

Great what it was Katy did before
The world grew old! some mysterious

which ever since, her kind with
strident wing